

MOLLIE. (*suspiciously*) Yes.

(TROTTER takes out a folded evening paper from the pocket.)

TROTTER. *Evening News*. Yesterday's. Sold on the streets about three-thirty yesterday afternoon.

MOLLIE. I don't believe it!

TROTTER. Don't you? (*He moves up right to the arch with the coat.*) Don't you?

(TROTTER exits through the archway up right with the overcoat. MOLLIE sits in the small armchair down right, staring at the evening paper. The door down right slowly opens. CHRISTOPHER peeps in through the door, sees that MOLLIE is alone and enters.)

CHRISTOPHER. Mollie!

(MOLLIE jumps up and hides the newspaper under the cushion in the armchair centre.)

MOLLIE. Oh, you startled me! (*She moves left of the armchair centre.*)

CHRISTOPHER. Where is he? (*moving to right of MOLLIE*)
Where has he gone?

MOLLIE. Who?

CHRISTOPHER. The sergeant.

MOLLIE. Oh, he went out that way.

CHRISTOPHER. If only I could get away. Somehow – some way. Is there anywhere I could hide – in the house?

MOLLIE. Hide?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes – from *him*.

MOLLIE. Why?

CHRISTOPHER. But, darling, they're all so frightfully against me. They're going to say I committed these murders – particularly your husband. (*He moves to right of the sofa.*)

MOLLIE. Never mind him. (*She moves a step to right of CHRISTOPHER.*) Listen, Christopher, you can't go on – running away from things – all your life.

CHRISTOPHER. Why do you say that?

MOLLIE. Well, it's true, isn't it?

CHRISTOPHER. (*hopelessly*) Oh yes, it's quite true. (*He sits at the left end of the sofa.*)

MOLLIE. (*sitting at the right end of the sofa; affectionately*)
You've got to grow up some time, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER. I wish I hadn't.

MOLLIE. Your name isn't really Christopher Wren, is it?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

MOLLIE. And you're not really training to be an architect?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

MOLLIE. Why did you...?

CHRISTOPHER. Call myself Christopher Wren? It just amused me. And then they used to laugh at me at school and call me little Christopher Robin. Robin – Wren – association of ideas. It was hell being at school.

MOLLIE. What's your real name?

CHRISTOPHER. We needn't go into that. I ran away whilst I was doing my Army service. It was all so beastly – I hated it.

(*MOLLIE has a sudden wave of unease, which CHRISTOPHER notices. She rises and moves to right of the sofa.*)

(*rising and moving down left*) Yes, I'm just like the unknown murderer.

(*MOLLIE moves up to left of the refectory table, and turns away from him.*)

I told you I was the one the specification fitted. You see, my mother – my mother... (*He moves up to left of the sofa table.*)

MOLLIE. Yes, your mother?

CHRISTOPHER. Everything would be all right if she hadn't died. She would have taken care of me – and looked after me...

MOLLIE. You can't go on being looked after all your life. Things happen to you. And you've got to bear them – you've got to go on just as usual.

CHRISTOPHER. One can't do that.

MOLLIE. Yes, one can.

CHRISTOPHER. You mean – you have? (*He moves up to left of MOLLIE.*)

MOLLIE. (*facing CHRISTOPHER*) Yes.

CHRISTOPHER. What was it? Something very bad?

MOLLIE. Something I've never forgotten.

CHRISTOPHER. Was it to do with Giles?

MOLLIE. No, it was long before I met Giles.

CHRISTOPHER. You must have been very young. Almost a child.

MOLLIE. Perhaps that's why it was so – awful. It was horrible – horrible... I try to put it out of my mind. I try never to think about it.

CHRISTOPHER. So – you're running away, too. Running away from things – instead of facing them?

MOLLIE. Yes – perhaps, in a way, I am.

(There is a silence.)

Considering that I never saw you until yesterday, we seem to know each other rather well.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, it's odd, isn't it?

MOLLIE. I don't know. I suppose there's a sort of – sympathy between us.

CHRISTOPHER. Anyway, you think I ought to stick it out.

MOLLIE. Well, frankly, what else can you do?

CHRISTOPHER. I might pinch the sergeant's skis. I can ski quite well.

MOLLIE. That would be frightfully stupid. It would be almost like admitting you're guilty.

CHRISTOPHER. Sergeant Trotter thinks I'm guilty.